

Memoriæ positum.

R. G. S.

1863.

Beneath the trees,
My lifelong friends in this dear spot,
Dad now for eyes that see them not,
I hear the autumnal breeze
Wake the sore leaves to sigh for gladsome gone,
Whispering hoarse message of oblivion, —
Dear, restless as the sea,
Time's grim feet rustling through the withered grace
Of many a spreading realm & strongstemmed race,
Even as my own through these.

Why make we moan
For laps that both enrich us yet
With upward yearnings of regret?

Bleaker than unmop'd stone
Our lives were, but for this immortal gain
Of unstilled longing & inspiring pain!

As thrills of longhushed tone
Live in the vial, so our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine
Of noble natures gone.

J. H. Lowell